

Burns / Cauterization

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34601371) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34601371>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV) , Charlie Countryman (2013) , Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Hannibal Lecter/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter , Nigel (Charlie Countryman) , Darko (Charlie Countryman) _(mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Whumptober 2021 , Burns , Cauterization , Knife injury , Doctor Hannibal Lecter , Medical Procedures , Injured Nigel , Innuendo , Light Dom/sub , Daddy Dom Hannibal Lecter , Sub Nigel , Hand Jobs , Daddy Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of Whumptober 2021
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-19 Words: 2,559 Chapters: 1/1

Burns / Cauterization

by [Hisvoicebrokemyheart](#)

Summary

“Well fuck me, Hannibal.” He rolled his head to the side, just barely propping it up on his shoulder. His elbows dug into the stone top of the kitchen island as he tried to hold himself up enough to watch the doctor. “Aren’t you supposed to lie and tell me something sweet about how it’ll all be okay?”

“Oh, I’m sorry Nigel,” Hannibal’s tone was dripping in the closest thing he could get to sarcasm — utterly patronizing. “I thought you were a big boy.”

Notes

Whumptober Day 13: Burns/Cauterization

Sorry I disappeared, I took a few days off. I’ll probably be catching up on these prompts well into November but I definitely still want to finish them all — Enjoy!

Hannibal/Nigel will quickly become a guilty pleasure of mine after this one.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“This is going to hurt like a fucking bitch, isn’t it?” Nigel was already hissing through his teeth.

Darko called Hannibal to the club when he realized Nigel’s injury was out of his depth. The doctor had taken one look at him before motioning for two of the other workers to drag Nigel out back. There was no time to try and fix anything in the back office, but it wasn’t the first time that Hannibal would have to bring home the club’s dirty work. From what little he saw, Hannibal feared that whoever slashed at Nigel had hit his femoral artery.

“Yes.”

Hannibal barely spared him a glance. He was used to this with Nigel, but he didn’t want to be. The man was reckless, bordering on careless. He was lucky that he lived so close. It was almost funny how only a few blocks separated a seedy strip club from a neighborhood of Baltimore’s elites.

The first time Darko called him for help, the call came from a blocked number. He chose to ignore it until three additional calls came through — all blocked. His curiosity got the best of him, as it always did, and when he answered the man on the other end of the line promised a lump sum of cash for some back alley surgery on one of his employees. After that first time Hannibal had mailed a fresh burner to the club, the note inside informed Darko that the phone should only be used for emergencies.

Hannibal never did find out how Darko and Nigel decided that he would be a good choice for under the table dealings, but he tended to revel in the mystery of it. They respected him and never failed to pay.

“Well fuck me, Hannibal.” He rolled his head to the side, just barely propping it up on his shoulder. His elbows dug into the stone top of the kitchen island as he tried to hold himself up enough to watch the doctor. “Aren’t you supposed to lie and tell me something sweet about how it’ll all be okay?”

“Oh, I’m sorry Nigel,” Hannibal’s tone was dripping in the closest thing he could get to sarcasm — utterly patronizing. “I thought you were a big boy.”

If Nigel wasn’t in so much pain he’d try his hand at pinning Hannibal against the wall so he could show him just how much of a big fucking boy he was. There was no time for such games.

Hannibal had all but dragged Nigel into the house from the car. He couldn’t manage to stay steady on his feet when Hannibal pulled him up from where he’d been sprawled out across the back seat of the Bentley.

His belt was cinched tight at the top of Nigel’s thigh, nearly in line with his groin. It limited the majority of the bleeding, but Hannibal knew that he had to act fast as it wouldn’t be enough. He’d cauterized his own wound in his early twenties and was lucky enough to not

have resorted to those measures since. Such luck was nowhere to be found in regards to Nigel.

Hannibal turned away from Nigel to grab a pair of kitchen shears and a carving knife out of his knife block. The carving knife would be thin enough in width to not do an excessive amount of additional damage to the surrounding area, but long enough that Hannibal could focus on heating the end of the blade to give himself a little more precision.

Under the kitchen sink was a swath of disinfectants for him to choose from and he briefly thanked himself for always being over prepared when he found a bottle of rubbing alcohol in the back corner.

The lights were low in the kitchen, both for Nigel's benefit and Hannibal's reputation. The last thing he needed was a nosy neighbor inquiring after his activities after dark.

When Hannibal came back to Nigel's side the man had broken out into a sweat, perspiration beading across his forehead. Nigel's head was flat against the counter, and his eyes were clenched shut against the pain in his leg. His hair started to stick against his face and Hannibal reached out to brush it back.

The touch got Nigel's attention, and he did his best to crack a cocky smirk.

"Ready to get this show on the fucking road, Doc?"

"If you are."

Hannibal grabbed an apron out an island drawer and tied it around his waist and neck. He took the kitchen shears and cut away Nigel's pants until he could pull them off entirely. He was left in his boxer briefs. Blood stained the bottom of the left leg.

When no snide remark came from him at essentially being stripped to his skivvies, Hannibal understood the full scope of just how much pain Nigel was in.

Using the corner of his apron, Hannibal poured out some of the rubbing alcohol and ran both sides of the blade along the cloth. He lit one of the gas burners on his stove and let the knife fall through the grates to sit in the flame and begin to heat.

Once more at Nigel's side, he dampened the opposite corner of the apron with the alcohol and brought it to the wound. It was about four inches long across Nigel's inner thigh, halfway between his hip and knee. When he touched the apron to it, dabbing at the excess blood in an attempt to at least partially clean the skin, Nigel hissed.

"God," Nigel slammed his head back against the counter, desperate for a distraction from the added pain. "Always was a bitch when it came to this part, fuck me."

"All you have to do is ask nicely." And it was Hannibal's turn to quirk a small smile as he continued to work.

"You sure have some fucking timing, Hannibal."

Next Hannibal washed his hands under the hot water of the kitchen sink, scrubbing away Nigel's blood from under his nails. He would have time to spare for the state of his apron later. A small part of him was happy to leave the evidence of Nigel where it lay in the fibers.

He looked to the stove and saw the hint of a glowing red aura of a heated blade, it was nearly time.

Swiftly, he pulled his tie free from his neck and rolled it up. He tapped Nigel on the jaw.

"Open," Hannibal directed. "You're going to want something to bite down on."

He watched as an array of possible responses danced behind Nigel's eyes, a little bit of delirium rested there as well. The man nodded and closed his mouth around the layers of silk.

Hannibal retrieved the knife after grabbing an oven mitt. He unbuckled the makeshift tourniquet and let it slack off around Nigel's leg, it would be of no use after the wound was sealed. His free hand then pulled at Nigel's skin to draw it tight.

"Take a deep breath."

Air whistled through Nigel's nose as he inhaled. Hannibal watched as his chest expanded before returning his attention to his leg. He could feel the ambient heat coming off the blade.

He pressed the knife down for no longer than a couple seconds and listened as Nigel groaned around the tie. His feet flexed and his fingernails dug into the palms of his hands.

"Again."

Hannibal repeated the same motion as before, listening for Nigel's shaky inhale before covering the second half of the burn. He was careful to avoid overlapping where he'd already cauterized the wound.

One of Nigel's hands opened up only to slap down onto the counter. Hannibal imagined it would have stung if Nigel was focused anywhere other than on the sensation of the burn.

Once he was satisfied with his work, Hannibal dropped the knife in the sink and tossed the oven mitt into the corner. He would deal with that later.

He quickly left the kitchen in search of one of the standard first aid kits he had stashed away in his bathrooms — heading for the hall.

When Hannibal reentered the room with an antibacterial gel, Nigel was sitting up with his legs spread and hanging over the edge of the island. Hannibal's tie was draped around his neck. His breathing was even more labored under the exertion it must have taken to get into that position. His head hung low, chin touching to his chest.

It was quiet in the kitchen as Hannibal applied the gel over the seared flesh. He could feel Nigel's eyes assessing his work. It would ache for days, but Nigel would be in a much more stable condition because of it.

When Hannibal went to pull away Nigel shot a hand out to grab onto his wrist. He lifted his head just enough to catch Hannibal's eye before looking down and away.

"Aren't you going to kiss it better?"

Hannibal froze. He wasn't entirely sure if the request was supposed to be a joke or not. Nigel's expression was cautiously blank — void of the playful confidence the man usually put forth, but his lips were just barely on the noticeable side of pursed. It was one thing to trade quips back and forth filled with innuendo and another to drop the act completely. Hannibal quite enjoyed their game and a misstep would put it to an end.

He leaned in just enough to bring Nigel's attention back to him. Nigel was nervous, his bravado abandoned.

Just when Hannibal thought he might close the distance between them he dropped down to one knee. Nigel dropped his hand and Hannibal reached to pull Nigel to the edge of the counter, careful of his thigh.

Hannibal marveled at the burn marks left behind by his blade. It was this that would save Nigel, that did save Nigel. He was honored to be trusted with Nigel's life time and time again. He'd stitched a variety of stab wounds and dug out poorly aimed bullets that missed their true mark, but what he'd seen today was enough to make Hannibal want to tap out. He didn't want to see Nigel die.

Nigel dropped his head back, looking up to the ceiling when Hannibal used his hands to spread his thighs wide. Hannibal pressed a ghost of a kiss to Nigel's knee before running his nose up along his inner thigh. He stopped shy of the burn and pressed a kiss into the skin, biting a small mark into the same spot.

The combination of the soft touch of Hannibal's lips and the sting of his bite had Nigel groaning in a whole new way. The mix of pleasure and pain was intoxicating.

"Is that better?" Hannibal licked a stripe up the other thigh and tugged at his underwear with his teeth. "Reckless boy."

Nigel moaned with abandon at the name and allowed himself to thread his fingers into Hannibal's hair. There was no hiding how hard he was.

Hannibal moved his hands to Nigel's calves where they hung off the counter and dug his fingers in. He wanted an answer.

"Shit," Nigel panted. "Yes, Hannibal. Much fucking better."

"Hmm."

Hannibal wasn't so sure if he was satisfied with that response, and he was sure to let his disapproval be known with the small hum he let out.

Hannibal ran the tips of his fingers up to Nigel's knee before dragging his nails down to his ankles. He watched as Nigel shivered under his attention. He was rocking his hips from

where he sat on the counter — small, languid thrusts.

Nigel knew exactly what Hannibal wanted.

“Yes, Sir.”

When Hannibal hummed again it was filled with sinful satisfaction. He moved to stand. One hand cupped Nigel’s chin, tilting his head up to look at him, while the other pressed up against his cock through his boxers.

“Are you going to let Daddy make you come and bring you upstairs to get cleaned up?”

There was fire burning behind Nigel’s eyes. Hannibal drank it all in, growing hard himself at the sight. His boy had fight in him, he wouldn’t have it any other way.

Nigel abandoned his thoughts of rebelling only in the attempt to chase his pleasure. He wanted nothing more than to sink into Hannibal’s touch. The doctor had started stroking him in slow, measured motions. There wasn’t enough pressure, and the feeling was enough to drive him mad. He needed more.

“Yes, Daddy.” Nigel watched Hannibal’s pupils dilate, before his own eyes fluttered shut — a true predator. He licked his lips. “Please.”

Hannibal smiled, *what a good boy*.

He pushed at Nigel’s waistband and pulled his length free. Letting go only to spit into his hand before wrapping back around his cock.

The sound made Nigel’s head spin, wishing he’d been watching to see Hannibal do something otherwise so pedestrian. He was fairly confident that he’d fantasize about that for the rest of forever.

Hannibal’s spit slick grip felt like a dream as Nigel met every stroke with a thrust of his hips. When Hannibal’s free hand clamped down on his hip, Nigel knew he’d taken more than he earned.

Hannibal leaned in and kissed the corner of Nigel’s mouth. He chased the feeling of Hannibal’s lips, and turned his head to seek him out.

“Don’t be greedy.” Hannibal’s voice was nothing more than a whisper in Nigel’s ear. His words came as he swiped his thumb over the head of Nigel’s cock. It pulled the most delicious whine from the man, so needy.

Hannibal smirked against his neck, letting Nigel feel the shape of his smile against his skin. In any other instance Nigel would have bucked free of Hannibal’s grip to take control, but everything Hannibal gave him felt too damn good.

He started an all out assault on Nigel, sucking and biting bruises into the column of his throat. Paired with Hannibal’s slow strokes, it was enough to drive a man mad.

Taking his hand from Nigel's hip, Hannibal snaked his hand down to cup his balls. The reaction to that touch was instant.

Please, please, please — Hannibal was sure that Nigel wasn't even conscious of his vocalizations. It was pure desperation that nearly made Hannibal lose his own composure, aching hard.

Hannibal's hand slowed to a stop, but remained a tight heat around Nigel. He knew he was close.

Nigel's eyes shot open, confused and wanting.

"Wha—"

"Daddy wants you to beg for it. Can you do that for me?"

Nigel surged forward and threw his arms around Hannibal's neck, throwing caution to the wind and taking what he desired. He sealed their lips together in a bruising kiss.

"Please," he gasped, feeding Hannibal with his words. Nigel was entirely wrecked, weak and wanting. He wanted to sink his teeth into Hannibal's bottom lip. "Please, Daddy. Make me come."

It only took a few more strokes to have Nigel coming over himself and Hannibal's hand. Hannibal made sure to work him through his orgasm and drank in all of the lovely sounds that Nigel gave him.

Hannibal lifted his hand to taste the very essence of him — *perfection*.

"Come now, you precious thing." Hannibal lifted Nigel from the counter to stand on his feet. "You've had quite the day. Let Daddy take care of you."

End Notes

Hope you liked this one bc I sure had fun writing it — come say hi in the comments or on Twitter at [@hisvoicebroke](#) :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!